

be very great, at least to some of civilized and larger islands. But I no more exact idea of the geography than a vague remembrance of a map in the Moll's atlas which had be-

map in the Moll's atlas which had belonged to my grandfather.
However, I resolved first to question our guide, and so, after resting a few days, I asked him again to accompany Anna and myself into the woods, on pretext of gathering the ripe plums of a and beautiful tree which grew orra." I said, as soon as

He smiled his wistful smile.

"Already you are tired of poor Obeah man? Christian you like better. Are not these Christian?" He pointed with bitter irony to the buccaneer village betters his

beneath us.
"Nay, Eborra," I said; "we are not And Anna chimed in. "Nay, truly! You are the only friend we have on this accursed island!"

And our quick speech pleased him to this occasion we kept to the right,

On this occasion we kept to the Figure, skirting the high woods, and walking first along the shore and then among the easier herbage on the margin of the bay. I had noticed that the sailors of the Corramantee never by any chance wandered in this direction, but always that we wanted along the ook their walks southward along the w heading toward its northern horn, I asked Yellow Jack the reason why

the sailors avoided this place.

He pointed to a low bush, like the alders which grew along the Kirkconnel water at home, which overfung the

"That is the reason," he said, senten-

cruel white man whip his mother—because she is a witch!"

I could not tell him that still in my own country poor old women like his mother were condemned for witchcraft, and that, not so long ago, one had been burned with all circumstances of civil and ecclesiastical pomp upon the borough moor of Abercairn itself.

On the contrary, Anna promised that if we were delivered and restored to our own country, he should be rewarded and cared for, and his mother, also. He turned on her a look of dog-like gratitude, and, taking the girl's hand, he set it on his head. "Eborra your slave!" he said, gratefully.

Then, in fragmentary, but easily understood, sentences, he told us that if we did endeavor to escape, we must go morthward; the a chain of islands connected us with the larger settlements of Porto Rico and Jamaica, where we would find governments, and ahips in which to return to our native land. But he warned us that the voyage would prove a long and dangerous one. Moreover, the jolly boat would go so slow that if the Corromantee chanced to return about the time of our escape, we should be instantly captured.

Still, here was a hope, a possibility,

tured.

Still, here was a hope, a possibility, and, according to my fashion, I began instantly to build upon it. In five minutes I had us all book in imagination at New Milns, my Uncle John dethroned, the prince come to his own. And the

he prince come to his own, princess—
But Yellow Jack broke in remorselessily upon the beauty of my vision.
"Tonight, or tomorrow at the latest, the Corromantee will return. We must wait till they lay her ashore to careen, her. We need many things for the voyage. We must find casks for water and bring them hither; we must take dried tongues, smoked beef"—
"How can we get these," interrupted Anna, "unless we steal? We cannot have them."

Anna, "unless we steal? We cannot buy them." Yellow Jack looked at her in aston-

"That is the reason," he said, sententiously.

And he indicated a hage snake which lay along a branch, with its head swaying a little over and toward us. "Fer-de-lance strike at faces of those who pass beneath—strike like a whip lash—ao—and then come back to his place!"

"Let us go further out." I said, thinking of Anna, where there is clean, yellow sand to walk on. Why run the risk of dying in a swamp by serpent's potson?"

"He will never touch Eborra, nor yet Eborra's friends," said the lad. And though it thrilled me with fear to sehim, he went up close and passed his hand caressingly up and down the snake's back, humming at the same time his low, continuous song. Anna and I shuddered to look at him, but Eborra was perfectly calm, and the huge fer-de-lance arched his ruddy back like a petted cat by the fireside, moving his head quickly to and frobefore our guide's face.

"He Obeah, I Obeah!" said Yellow Jack, and, with a farewell caress, heame on with us once more through the scrubby undergrowth. We were soon forcing our way with cultass and knife through the tangle toward the northern horn. Here at some former time the whole face of the cliff hafallen down in a vast tumbled contision, thousands of hige blocks being plied indiscriminately over each other, and these, seen from the saw, were full of black holes, overgrown with tasseled creepers and prickly pear—the baunt.

dinner with immense bustle and show of alacrity.

It was about 10 o'clock that I saw the beginnings of a wondrous sight. The ship, which had been dismandled, was towed to the entrance of the channel, and set on fire outside the bay. She seemed to have been drenched with some inflammable material, for the flames mounted with great rapidity, so that by the time I could run to Anna and throw up pebbles of the beach at her window, the fiery sheets were already licking the crosstrees, and the spidery tracery of her tacking stood out against the lurid background of semoke and flame.

I have never set foot on any vessel since without thinking of the terrible peril of fire at sea. In ten minutes the fire burned through the thick planking of her sides. The ribs still showed black and solid, like those of some skeleton in hell-fire yet unconsumed. She took ground on a reef, and canted over soon after. A secret store of powder concealed somewhere in her hold blew up with a tremendous exposion, heaving the masts high into the air.

I looked at Anna as she stood in her window, and saw her face crimsoned with the fiery glow.

"What think you now?" I said.

appeared to be less nersell than I have ever seen her.

"Why escape at all?" she said. "Do you know where you will arrive at?—
most likely among cannibals. And this is indeed very quiet and peaceful. We have what we want to eat. If you are troubled outside. Philip. or, if your troubled outside. Philip. or, if your

house is not comfort ble, come and s ay here with Anna, and she shall bring her bed in here beside me!"

So we resolved to say no more to her for the present, and when necessity arose to get her to accompany us to the boat upon a pretext. With this in view it became our custom to call her out in the evening and sometimes in the morning also in order that she might get

the evening and sometimes in the morning also, in order that she might get accustomed to walking with us. At first the astonished faces and ill-concealed admiration of the men on shore, and yet more the curiosity of the black women who flocked about making very audible remarks, almost made her turn back. But gradually she became accustomed to go with us, and after awhile she began to like these little excursions, which broke the monotony of her day. Yellow Jack, too, and his hook were at first distasteful, but gradually she became as fond of him, as we were. I think, however, she never trusted or liked his mother, whom the sailors called Witch Sally. She averred that the negress was very like a certain ancient Sarah Grisby, who is the sunny meadows about Clievedon had cast the glamor upon herself "and one other," as she said. Which made us judge that the "one other" must have been that young Master Will Luev Souirak Mase.

glamor upon herself and one other, as she said. Which made us judge that the "one other" must have been that young Master Will Lucy, Squire's Master Will of whom Caleb Clinkaberry had spoken, which thought took me back vividly to those terrible days after my mother's hurt, and I wondered whether Caleb still abode at the Yett house by the gate of New Milns, and, as he promised, kept the nest warm for our homecoming.

Anything served for a pretext for these walks, which, however, never led us very far from the settlement. We wished also to accustom the liberty men and the buccaneers on shore to the sight of my mother wandering about in our company. But, remembering the guard which had been set at either end of the hut, I could never feel that we

of the hut, I could never feel that we were truly alone, though I could never catch anyone in the act of following us. It was a long while before we got any opportunity of carrying out our plans of escape, and indeed it was chance, and not any deep laid plan, which ultimately gave us our liberty, or at least delivered us from our forced detention on the isle of the Winds.

But, curiously enough, it was Will Bowman who set all my mother's scruples at rest. She had always a great regard for Will. She never really liked Anna Mark, for reasons which have been indicated. But Will Bowman she looked up to as in some ways the repof the hut, I could never feel that we

looked up to as in some ways the rep-resentative of Umphray Spurway whose will she had (save in one case) But the matter presented no difficulties to her.

"He must love her in spite of all," she said, with a true woman's belief in the eternity of love.

And from this she could not be driven, say what I would to shake her.

"He tried to kill her," I reminded her.

"For all you know," she retorted, "he may have aimed at someone else, and shot his wife by accident.

"He was cruel to my mother, and left her for another," I said next.

"Well, he may be sorry now," she said. "His heart may have turned."

"His heart turned!" said I mocking-"

"His heart turned!" said I mocking-"

"He had a natural eye metals to will she had (save in one case) always submitted to without a murmur. Me, indeed, she loved entirely, but thought of me as no better than a boy and infirm of purpose—wherein she was completely wrong. Yet she 'gaed her alm all.' so far as I was concerned, and would have neither doctrine nor reprof from me.

But Will she trusted, and after awhile consulted as to many things.

Now Will, being a friendly, active fellow and excellent with tools, worked with great acceptance in the carpendary of the consulted as to many things.

had come," Eborra dec would there be a better c buccaneers were busy, a apon the island would kee alert for several days. F ain that so large a for bamdon its purpose with ttempt in some quarter.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

Jim Pembury Makes a Mistake. But at any rate we had now something definite to do. The jolly boat must

provisioned. Will Bowman must be enlisted, a watch kept upon the beach for such readily conveyable articles as would be useful to us in our adventure, and, most difficult of all, my mother humored and kept in ignorance till the

It was too late for the ships to pass the reefs before the morning. But do not think that in the buccaneer vil do not think that in the buccaies? When the second in the pipe bowl told where the hoety men were discussing the chances of a new capture. Anna and I stole near a group of them that we might listen to their talk. That also might prove use-ful, or so we told each other. For with the throwing overboard of one conven-

the throwing overboard of one convention many others go.

But we were bound to escape, and must not stand upon a scruple. We had resolved to suspend the commandment we had learned. "Thou shalt not steal." And so the unwritten addition. "Thou shalt not eavesdrop," could be of no more binding interpretation for us.

"Tell ye what," said one man, whom I recognized by his accent as Rodney Pax, a red-bearded burly man, and a great favorite on account of his good humor; "if yonder boat's a three-master, I'm glad I was not aboard o' the Corromantee when she was took, Fightin' I am with you in, but walkin' the plank blindfold! That's what gets me, Jim! I can hear them scream as they hit the water!"

me, Jim! I can hear them scream as they hit the water!"

It was Jim Pembury who replied, a lean, snaky, gipsy-like fellow with a nose broken in combat.

"For me." he said, between quick puffs of his pipe, "I see no two ways. Either die old in the ditch or cun your chance of dying young on the scaffold, I do not hold with this cant of mercy. If we are brethren of the coast, brethren let us be. I don't hold with bringing white women here with a palace

ren let us be. I don't hold with bringing white women here with a palace
for them to live in, and that boy and
girl running peering everywhere. No
good comes o' that, as I see!"
"One's captain's son—t'other's supercargo's daughter! That's why!" said
another out of the darkness.
"Praps they'll make it up and start
a new crew!" chuckled another.
"Pirst we know." continued Jim

a new crew!" chuckled another.
"First we know," continued Jim
Pembury, "this island will get blowed
on, and we'll hear the blessed magistrate a-tellin' us that we had better
get ready to be haused by the neck
till we be dead. 'And the Lord
have—""

have—""
"Stow that, Jim," said Rodney Pax
quickly; "no good ever comes o' takin'
them words in vain':
"Rodney's turning soft, I guess, like
captain and old Saul!" said Jim Pem-"Dare you say as much to either o' hem you've named, Jim?" retorted

"Dare you say as much to either o tee
them you've named. Jim?" retorted
Rodney. "Tony Drake an' me 'll come
along and bring home the pieces in a
im
fo'c'sle sack, if you do!"

"If you think I'm afeared o' either
captain o" any gipsy tinker that ne

among the stars.

Every moment I expected to feel the knife, and I wondered if it could hurt much more than the needles which were piercing my back and side. But, just as Pembury crouched for the rush, I felt something strike my foot. The crouching man stumbled and fell forward upon the stones and shingle, with an oath and a ring of iron as his knife went clattering out of his hands. The dark figure of Captain Stansfield vanished too quickly for our eyes to see what happened next. We also heard the sound of two heavy blows stricken in quick succession, a dull groan like that of a pole-axed ox, and then between us and the sky we saw the dark, tall figure of the captain. He was wiping a knife delicately, even as I had seen him do once before in the Blue Room at New Milns.

Then a hand fell on the collar of my shirt, and I was lifted to my feet, Anna still in my arms.

shirt, and I was lifted to my feet, Anna

still in my arms.
"What is this?" said my father's voice. "More traitorous knaves? What, More traitorous knaves? What, Philip night lurking here "He fell over my foot, sir!" I stam-mered, without thinking what I had

which I shall not forget! But now secort this young lady to your mother's house and go to beds This is neither time nor place for either of you to be So Anna and I walked back to my

"Aha, son Philip, then I owe you that

mother's house and found her sitting at her stocking with an open Bible be-fore her. She knitted steadily and as if her fingers could not stop. But though

she read much.

"You are too late out, Philip and Anna," she said, as if we had been playing about the Yett house at hispy or marbles. "It is altogether seemly."

So for once in their lives my father and my mother were agreed upon a

count of his supposed influence with his master.

Strangely, of late I also had begun to doubt the evidence of my senses, and to wonder if, indeed, what I had seen and heard in the blue room of New Milns could have been real. But now, and for some time afterwards, I had soon other things upon my mind than speculation as to the particular tinge of red upon my father's hands. At the best their purity was by no means virgin.

In the morning the ships were in the bay. They proved to be the Corramantee and another tall vessel of three masts, full rigged and capable of containing twice the number of men which manned the hermaphrodite schooner. But, though there were blanks in the muster-roll, and the second mate would never more bid a man wash his socks

as regularly in. I desired greatly visit the captured ship, and I thi visit the captured ship, and I think that I might have succeeded in hiding in some of the boats, for the men were cheerful and good-humored beyond their wont, partly with the rum that had been freely served, and partly with the prospect of the large dividend which each expected at the close of the discharge. But, just as the boat in which I was hidden started, Anna Mark came running down to the shore, crying, "Take me, too!" For she had been delayed at some task for my mother, which liked her little, because it kept her within doors. ause it kept her within doors. As soon as her father heard Anna all, he bade the men cease from row-

"Who is that in the bow of the

"Who is that in the bow of the boat?" he said.

And, when they told him, "Send the lad ashore!" he cried; "the ship is no place for him."

Whereupon I told him that I had not wished to go abroad, but only went for the pleasure of the sail.

But he looked as if he had hard work to believe me, and made me disembark. Then came my father by, and I saluted him, as I saw others do, making bold to ask him if I could not go out with one of the boats to the ship. He shook his head, and passed on without speaking.

Yet Captain Stansfield had not gone

I was overjoyed, and Anna and I started to get the glass at once.

Now, I had never been in the house where my father abode, and I would not at this time have been abue to make my way within had not lazy Jacob been out lounging upon the wall beneath-keeping all the while his eyes upon his master, so that upon his return he might be found busily engaged at his own proper work.

So for once in their lives my father and my mother were agreed upon a question of morals.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Corramantee's Prize.

Our friend Yellow Jack always said that Captain Stansfield was not by any means the worst of white men; and disqualified praise seemed to be the sense of all we could gather from the other slaves upon the island. Indeed, my father's own "boy," a fat rascal named Jacob. was looked upon by all as a very fortunate person, and was constantly in demand at every negro dance and Obeah festival on account of his supposed influence with his master.

Strangely, of late I also had begun to doubt the evidence of my senses, and to wonder if, indeed, what I had seen and heard in the blue room of New Milns could have been real. But now, and for some time afterwards, I had soon other things upon my mind "He must love her in spite of all," she